Lord Krsna Shows His Universal Form

Cast: Narrator, Krsna, Balarama, Yasoda, Gopis, and the cowherd boys.

Setting: The courtyard of Nanda Maharaja□s compound. There is a butter churn, benches for sitting, potted plants, a watering can and toys for Krsna. Mother Yasoda is sitting on a bench center stage and a bit to the left. She is sewing. Krsna is playing nearby. The Narrator enters to far right. He is "invisible" to Mother Yasoda.

Narrator: This is the courtyard of Nanda Maharaj, the king of the cowherd men in Vrndavana. And this is his good wife, Yasoda, and their young son, Krsna. Nanda and Yasoda are not ordinary parents because they have an extrordinary child, Krsna, Who is really The Supreme Personality of Godhead. And while Krsna plays like an ordinary child, His childhood pastimes drown the inhabitants of Gokula in pools of ecstacy. In a moment, you will witness a typical day in the life of Mother Yasoda.

(Yasoda puts sewing away, stands up and starts tidying up the courtyard. She pats Krsna and

there is an obvious great love between them. There is a lot of chattering going on offstage. The gopis enter chattering, see Mother Yasoda and are quiet. She sees the gopis and smiles. They bow in recognition.)

Yasoda: My good friends, how nice of you to visit me. Please, sit down. May I bring you
something cool to drink?
(She brings a bench next to the bench she was first sitting on.)

1st Gopi: (Steps forward from the group, clears her throat) Our dear friend, Yasoda, we have
come here to complain about Krsna. Your son sometimes comes to our houses before the milking
of the cows and lets the calves loose, and when the master of the house becomes angry, you Son
merely smiles.

2nd Gopi: Sometimes He figures out ways to steal curd, butter and milk, which He then eats
and drinks.

3rd Gopi: Then He feeds all the food to the monkeys, and when they have their bellies so full
they won't take more, He breaks the pots. (Krsna stops playing, goes to

Mother Yasoda, sits down
next to her and holds on to her skirt.)

4th Gopi: Sometimes, if he can't steal butter or milk from a house, He becomes angry at the
householders and for His revenge He will pinch our children and make them cry. Then he runs
away.

2nd Gopi: Sometimes, we hang the milk and curd high on a swing from the ceiling to be out
of Krsna and Balarama's reach. But, they turn the grinding mortar used for spices upside down
and pile planks and boards on top. Then, They climb up and pick holes in the pots.

3rd Gopi: Sometimes, we hide the butter and yogurt in dark places in our house. While we
are about our household affairs, Krsna and Balarama sometimes go into a dark room brightening
the place with the gleam from the valuable jewels and ornaments on Their bodies, and takes
advantage of this light by stealing.

1st Gopi: When Krsna is caught being naughty, the master of the house will say to Him, "Oh,
You are a thief," and pretend to be angry. Krsna will then reply, "I am not a thief. You are a
thief!" Sometimes Krsna becomes angry and passes urine and stool in a neat, clean place in our
houses. But now, our dear friend Yasoda,(points to Krsna) this expert Thief is sitting before you
like a very good boy. (Krsna looks fearful. All the Gopis begin looking at Him. Then the Gopis
sing this song:)

All recite: Look at Him - just sitting there, so innocently!

Song: Look at the lotus Of His sweet face,
The child Whose eyes Our hearts embrace.
We know that He does so many naughty things,
But to our days such joy He brings.
We cannot do a thing but hold Him in our hearts and smile.

(Mother Yasoda and the Gopis soften and all look at Krsna lovingly. Mother Yasoda has a sweet little smile on her face, thinking about this pastime.)

1st Gopi: Well, we have to be getting back to our families, now.

Yasoda: My good friends, come, I shall walk with you to the road. Krsna, I will return in a minute. (All exit except Krsna. Krsna plays and the cowherd boys and Balarama enter. Balarama is in the lead. Children leap frog onto stage.)

Friend: Hey, Krsna, what are You doing?

Krsna: Nothing.

Friend: Come play.

(Krsna's Friends all leap-frog around courtyard. Then, one boy taps Krsna.)

Friend: You're it! Krsna, You can't catch me!

2nd Friend: You can't catch me!

(A rollicking game of tag ensues, over the benches, around the flower pots, etc.. For a momet Krsna is off by Himself, He stoops down, as if to touch His feet, then puts His Hands near His mouth.)

Friend: I saw that Krsna! You ate some dirt!

Krsna: I did not!

Friend: Yes, You did!

2nd Friend: I saw You, too!

3rd Friend: Me, too!

4th Friend: Me, too!

Krsna: You did not! None of You saw Me eat dirt, because I didn't eat any. You're just saying that.

Balarama: You are my younger brother, so I have to protect You from this danger. So, I think
I should tell Mother Yasoda before You continue in this harmful way.

Friend: Yeah, let's all tell Mother Yasoda. We're going to tell Mother Yasoda on You, Krsna.

All: (This is a song and dance)

Krsna's being naughty, Awfully, awfully naughty. Nyeh nyeh nyeh nyeh nyeh,

We're going to tell Your mother on You.

There's nothing You can do,

To keep us from telling Your mother on You.

Friend: Krsna, You've been eating dirt!

Krsna: Have not.

All: Have too, and we're going to tell Your mother on You.
Nyeh nyeh nyeh nyeh nyeh,
There's nothing You can do,
To keep us from telling Your mother on You.

Krsna: Go ahead ahead and tell her; she won't do anything.
(Mother Yasoda enters)

Yasoda: (smiling) Well, children, how nice of you to come to play with Krsna.

All: Good morning, Mother Yasoda. (Boys all look at each other conspiringly.)

Friend: Mother Yasoda, we have something to tell you.

Yasoda: Well, what is it.

Friend: (Looks at others, who urge him on) Krsna has eaten dirt. We were all playing
Tag and Krsna went off by Himself and He bent down and got some dirt, stuck it in His mouth
and ate it. Honest!

2nd Friend:That's right, we all saw Him.

Yasoda: Balarama, is that true?

Balarama: Yes, we all saw Him.

Friend: Well, boys, ummmmm (clears throat) let's go outside now.

2nd Friend: See You later, Krsna .

3rd Friend: Bye, Mother Yasoda.

4th Friend: Bye, Krsna .

Yasoda: (She has been looking awfully hard at Krsna who looks back at her. She picks
Him up to look into His mouth and chastise Him. His eyes are fearful.) Dear Krsna, why are You so restless that You have eaten dirt in a solitary place? Everyone said You
did it. Even Your elder brother, Balarama. Can You please just tell me why?
(Music begins. This song is a duet. While Mother Yasoda sings the following Krsna sings
this counter-point repeatedly.)

Krsna: (sings) I didn't do it.

They're just saying it,

Just to have some fun.

You know how children are.

Yasoda: You're such a naughty little Boy, Krsna.
What am I going to do with You?
You're always letting loose the gopis calves to drink their mother's milk before the
Gopis have a chance to milk them.
And that's not all!

You're always stealing butter and yogurt from the gopis]
and feeding it to the monkeys and passing urine on the floor.
Krsna, that's not the way to be!
Krsna, I'm in anxiety.
When You can't steal the butter and yogurt from the Gopis,
You're pinching all their babies Making them cry,

Then You run away.
And that's not all!

When You're caught doing naughty things and don't own up to it
You're being very rude to the grown-ups who are our friends.
Wondering whether You'll turn out to be a fine man like Your father is.
And now, they say that You took some clay
and put it in Your mouth and ate it!
Krsna, You're such a naughty little Boy,
And even though You're Your pita's pride and joy,
What am I ever going to do with You, Krsna !
(Mother Yasoda sits down exasperated on the bench. Krsna sits down next to her.)

Krsna: My dear mother, I have never eaten dirt. All My friends, including My elder
Brother, have joined together to tell lies about Me! If you think they're still telling the truth, you
can look in My mouth for yourself.

Yasoda: Alright, if You have actually eaten dirt, I shall see!
(Krsna opens His mouth very wide. As He opens His mouth, the lights on them dim and dancers
are lit in background. Slides, mystical music and special effects can be used to portray the elements
of the Universe - fire, wind, oceans, etc..)

Yasoda: (sings)What is this I see? Everything in eternity!

Mountains and rivers, Oceans and islands, Blowing wind and fire and all the stars! What is this I see? Everything in eternity! Water and light,

Air and sky, All the planetary systems And Creation by transformation of Anhunkara. I see everything there is to see, Everything there is or will ever be.

And sitting here in Vrndavana holding Krsna I see me. How can this be?
(repeat entire song, faster tempo)
How can this be? How can this be?
(dancers leave but special effects continue)
Yasoda: (speaks) Is this a dream or an illusion? Have I caused this vision, or is it some mystic

power of my Child? Is Nanda Maharaj really my husband and Krsna my Son? Are all the cows
and calves my possessions and the cowherd men and women my subjects? Or is that an illusiob
too? Actually, I am an eternal servant of the Supreme Lord. He is my ultimate Shelter.
(Special effects stop and Mother Yasoda and Krsna are bathed in light. Mother Yasoda shakes
herself as if waking from an odd dream. She takes Krsna on her lap and hugs Him.)
Alright, I don't see any dirt. I still have a lot of chores to do. Krsna, You may go and play with
Your friends.
(Krsna skips off happily. Mother Yasoda stands up, and humming a tune, she waters the plants,
straightens everything, etc. as Narrator enters and speaks.)

Narrator: Krsna of the blackish face,
The one their hearts all do embrace,
That naughty little cowherd Boy
Filled all their days with wondrous joy.
And now, dear friends, we hope you see,
That Krsna is not ordinary.

The End.